

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Courper.*

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### The Weasel's Stratagem.

A grist-mill was infested with large rats, until a weasel came there and destroyed nearly all of them. There was, however, one large rat which he could not conquer. They had several pitched battles in which the rat whipped the weasel, until, whenever the rat appeared, the weasel would seek safety in flight. They were watched for several days, when the weasel was observed to be digging a hole in the earth, under a pile of lumber. After he had completed it, he approached the mill, and the rat came after him as usual. He made some show of fight until he had got the rat interested, and then ran into his hole. The rat followed, when the weasel was seen to come out at the other end of the hole, and run in at the entrance after the rat. Subsequent examination proved that the weasel had made the hole large enough for the rat to enter, but had contracted the other end so that he could not get out. Having thus trapped his antagonist, the weasel easily conquered him.

### No Dead Elephants.

I should like some naturalist to explain to me why it is that a hunter is never able to find a dead elephant. Of course, after you bring him down, he is there before you; but show me a man who has ever found the skeleton of an elephant in those vast Singhalese forests, or has come upon the carcass of one that has died a natural death! For ten years I hunted unremittingly, tramping over hundreds of miles, into all sorts of solitudes, and I never succeeded in discovering such a curiosity.

Sir Emerson Tennent tells of a gentleman who lived for thirty-six continuous years in the jungle, exploring valleys and tracing roads, during his trigonometrical pursuits, who never once came upon the skeleton or decaying body of an elephant that had died a natural death.

The Singhalese believe that there is some mysterious valley into which these animals hasten, when they feel the approach of death, and thus the island contains a vast mausoleum, wherein are entombed all the giants of the forests that have gone on before.

There might be some reason to believe this fanciful theory—for there is no mistake about the extraordinary intelligence of the creatures—if this great cemetery was ever discovered; but its precise location is still unknown, and the conundrum as to what becomes of all the dead elephants is interesting and seemingly insoluble.

This would lead one to believe that there was some peculiarity in the Singhalese climate that dissolved or decomposed the bones. Such might be the fact were it not for the grinders and tusks. There is no climate on the face of the earth that can destroy them; and so, you see, we are brought back to the same point from which we started.—*Selected.*

### Mrs. Somerville on Vivisection.

Marquise de la Place was commissioned by Dr. Magendie to invite me to meet her and Madame Gay Lussac at dinner. I was very unwilling to go, for I detested the man for his (Dr. M.'s) wanton cruelties. Magendie and the French school of anatomy made themselves odious by their cruelty, and failed to prove the true anatomy of the brain and nerves, while Sir Charles Bell did succeed, and thus made one of the greatest physiological discoveries of the age without torturing animals, which his gentle and kindly nature abhorred.

### Protection of Animals in War.

Mr. Wulff says, "No one can doubt that the glorious result of the German arms, in the late war, is due, in a great measure, to animals. Where endurance, quickness and exactness of motion were necessary, what could have been done without the employment of animal force? And what is the reward? What the fate of the unhappy fellow-laborer in that horrid business? When the limbs of the horse are shattered, and its torn body lies day after day on the battle-field in agony; when exhausted by hunger and thirst it is stretched along the army's march (and the number of them in the last war was thousands), who takes pity on the sufferer? Perchance a single Samaritan relieves it with a shot. Horses are certainly cared for while they can be of service. Verily the ingratitude of man is never blacker than in war.

### Cruelty an Acquired Vice.

Alas! cruelty is not only a spontaneous sentiment of the human heart, in some instances, but it is in far more an acquired vice; and it often happens that medical students, corrupted by hospital teaching, imbibe such a love of it that when they visit their homes they practice it for its own sake. Many years ago I knew a medical student, who, in his visits to the country, used to amuse himself with cutting out the hearts of frogs, for the gratification of seeing them jump after they had lost that viscus, which he had learned that they would do for a short time. But young medical student's hearts are not, as the rule, at first callous to the sufferings of animals, and the truth of this remark, to my knowledge, was instanced in a case at Cambridge, where a professor of anatomy was about to experiment on a poor dog, and in order to restrain its struggles had intended to nail its four feet to a board. This the young gentlemen of the class attending his lecture, whose home influences, we may suppose, were not eradicated, protested against, and prevailed over him to desist from his intention.—*Selected.*

It is not necessary for us, in order to do penance for our sins and wickedness, to withdraw ourselves from the active walks of life. There are everyday duties which require as much self-denial in their performance as the acts of the religious devotee. The hours of this life should be devoted to the work of this life.

*Carrier-Birds.*

The large numbers of carrier-pigeons used during the Franco-Prussian war, and other circumstances, have excited a wider public interest in these birds than has existed for many years past. In Holland and France, the breed is carefully guarded, and in all the European countries fine specimens of the birds find ready buyers. Prussia has a pigeon communication between her capital city and the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg. In Paris, many of the daily journals receive news of events transpiring in the Legislative Assembly, at Versailles, through the carrier pigeons, in preference to using the telegraph. The birds traverse the distance in from fifteen to twenty minutes, and the intelligence thus reaches the offices more quickly than if the despatches waited their turn for transmission by telegraph.

The long employment of the pigeons as news-carriers has been the means of proving conclusively that no instinct guides them back to their cotes. On foggy days they will not attempt to return, nor during the night, except at times when there is a clear atmosphere and a full moon. When released, the bird flies upward and then circles around until it sees certain features of the landscape which it recognizes as being adjacent to its home. These it has learned to know during short flights which it is allowed to make during the training period; and therefore the instant the surroundings of its abode, often extending over a radius of several miles, meet the pigeon's eye, it at once travels with wonderful velocity in their direction. It is said that, when a bird fails to remember any portion of the landscape beneath it, it will fly for some miles without any reference to course, and then circle about again, and this will be repeated until a familiar object is caught sight of, or else the bird becomes exhausted, gives up the search, and never returns.

THE habit that some drivers have of continually tugging at the reins is very objectionable, and should be avoided; the mouth is tender, and a very gentle movement of the reins ought to be enough to regulate the movement of the horse. It should be remembered that the object of the reins is to guide the animal, not to inflict continual punishment.

*A Rat in the Telegraph Service.*

Rats are not generally supposed to be of any particular use in the economy of nature, unless it be to eat up refuse, make a noise, or haunt the subterranean cavities of large cities. A telegraph inspector in England has, however, upon a recent occasion, proven that the rat as an operator in case of broken wires may be turned to good account. It was necessary, says the "Popular Science Monthly," to overhaul a cable of wires inclosed in iron tubes. A certain length of the cable had to be taken out of the tube, and the men commenced hauling at one end, without having taken the precaution to attach to the other a wire by which it might be drawn back after inspection and repairs. The question arose how the cable was to be restored to its proper place. The inspector invoked the aid of a rat-catcher, and provided with a large rat, a ferret, and a ball of string wound on the Morse paper drum, he repaired to the opening in the tube. The "flush-boxes" were opened, and the rat, with one end of the string attached to his body, was put into the pipe. He scampered away at a racing pace, dragging the twine with him until he reached the middle of the pipe, and there stopped. The ferret was then put in, and off went the rat again, until he sprang clear out of the flush-box. One length of the cable was thus safe, and the same operation was commenced with the other; but the rat stopped short a few yards from the pipe and boldly awaited the approach of the ferret. A sharp combat ensued, but after sundry jerks at the string the combatants separated, the rat making for the other extremity of the pipe, carrying the string through and relieving the inspector from his anxiety.

*Dying in Harness.*

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road, Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim; See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests his head—Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead; After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps— Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps—

One of the passing wonders marking the city road— A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile, What is the symbol? "Only death? why should you cease to smile

At death for a beast of burden?" On through the busy street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet!

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will. Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still? The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men, That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and then—

Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread—

The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead.

—James Boyle O'Reilly, in *Boston Pilot*.

*Exercise for Animals—Hens.*

An experienced farmer says that in all schemes for feeding animals in yards and stables, instead of allowing them to get their own food in woods or pastures, there is one thing lost sight of; namely, the necessity of physical exercise, in order to have the best of health. We know how it is with men and women who do not take exercise enough, and it is as true of animals. They need something to do as well as something to eat, and the wise man is he who finds his animals exercise as well as food. One of the best chicken "culturists" that we know acts always on this principle. They are usually so situated that the birds cannot have full range, but have to be kept confined in a rather small yard. They generally look pitiful when penned up in this way, but here they look as cheerful as if they were in the open air, because something is found for them to do. In the fall of the year leaves are thrown in about the yard, and the grain on which they are fed is thrown in about them, so that it takes considerable scratching about before they can find it. At other times, they are treated to a load of sand or earth thrown in the yard, in which they scratch and amuse themselves, and sometimes through the season the hired man forks up the ground. These and similar thoughtful plans for finding work for the feathered flock are practised, and our friend believes with much profit to the birds.—*Exchange*.

THE "Panama Star" tells the following story of canine sagacity: "When the dog wishes to cross a river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a great way and barks with all his might; the alligators go there and wait for him getting in to swim across. The dog knows what he is about; when he sees by the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, he runs down the bank as fast as he can, and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them."

*Habits of Lobsters.*

The time when they draw in shore for a better supply of food varies very much in different localities. They come in as early as March or April in some places, while in others they do not make their appearance until May or June. Nor is their time of going or coming the same from year to year; and any observation made this year, however carefully, might the next lead to quite different conclusions. They seem to move quite rapidly in their migrations, staying in one place only long enough to consume what food presents itself. They move in solid column, the larger and stronger always in advance, while the rear or last end of the school presents a sorry appearance, composed, as it is, of the small, maimed and ill-conditioned. They move on in this order until they find themselves on the shoaler grounds, where the great variety and abundance of food seem to satisfy them; the food consists of mussels, clams, periwinkles and the like. Though voracious in their habits, they are epicures as well in their choice of food, and are not easily enticed into traps except with the freshest of bait. They remain on these grounds the greater part of the summer, many seeking the sandy banks and rocky crevices where they shed their shells, remaining in a semi-torpid condition during this change, venturing forth again as the shell becomes sufficiently hard and they become strong enough to defend themselves against nearly all kinds of fish, as they are easily captured and eaten while in this soft state. As the season advances we find them moving off shore in as hungry a condition as when they came in the spring. It is probable that they seek the deeper waters of the bay in winter for the protection they afford during our severe storms and for the warmer temperature of the water, which is more congenial to them. They increase in size or grow only as the shell, which has become full, is sloughed off, another of larger size taking its place, the new one being fully formed under the old, and having the appearance of India rubber, being very flexible and elastic. Lobsters do not shed their shells every year, and never do so until they have fully filled the old ones, which is done more or less frequently; according to the quality of food they have been able to obtain.—*S. M. Johnson, Scituate*.

*Animals' Length of Life.*

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years; to that period they will usually live, breed, and thrive tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted age. Particular sheep are stated to live nearly twenty years—those which the mountain shepherds call "guide-sheep," old wethers which are kept on purpose to direct the bleating flocks in the unfrequented wilds.

Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots and every succeeding year another is added.

Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive upon the question of age, that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear.

Pigs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less.—*Good Health*.

*Even Wasps.*

Pages would be required to tell all the mistakes which are committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness of the lord of the creation to believe that everything which tastes what he tastes, is a rival and a loss. Even wasps, which find no friends chiefly because they are armed with a sting which, unlike man, they rarely or ever use unprovoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds.—*Rowell*.



*Two Waifs.*

AN INTERESTING POLICE INCIDENT.

One of the patrolmen at Station 5 had brought in a ragged, dirty four-year old gamin and his dog, the waifs having been found comfortably riding in a Red Line coach, and bound neither knew where nor seemed to care. The driver of the coach said the biped and quadruped got in with other passengers on Causeway Street, near the Eastern depot, and he did not take notice of them again until they had gone a couple of miles toward the South End.

When the officer lifted the little fellow, the canine, a very handsome, bright female, became very much interested as to what was to be done with her charge, for she seemed to feel the responsibility of a mother. On the way to the station-house she would jump up against the officer's legs, look inquiringly in his face, and then at the youngster in the same manner. When they arrived in the office, the actions of the dog and child were quite amusing.

The little fellow at first was very uneasy, and the dog seemed equally disturbed. When the officer found that all they could learn of the lad was his name, Georgie Wood, they sat him down on the floor. This pleased the dog, which had stuck closely to Georgie, and the two soon commenced playing. Presently, the boy became drowsy, and the dog appeared glad to lay down by his side for a nap, and they would soon have been sleeping had not Lieut. Pierce brought along part of his lunch.

The child's eyes began to open as he crammed his mouth with cake, and the dog drew up closer, watching eagerly for his share, which was sure to come, for it was evident from their actions that they lived together and had everything in common. When a bowl of water was brought them, the child drank and then the dog, and the division of the supper—all they had for the day, the boy said—was continued to the end.

The dog had throughout shown the greatest affection for the child, but when the food came his behavior was noble. For a while he took only the crumbs that fell from the little hand, not offering to touch the tempting food held close to his nose or laid down by his feet when the child drank. After they feasted they had a frolic, which lasted till they were both tired out. Then the lad wanted something to "cover them both up," and they cuddled together and went to sleep.—*Boston Journal.*

*Bird Inspectors.*

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society wants the legislature to authorize the appointment of inspectors of orchards throughout the State, whose duty it shall be to examine trees, and compel the owners to destroy such as are infested with insects, or remove the latter. We have had some difficulty with insect nature down this way, but we didn't go to the legislature for a remedy. We thought we could rid ourselves of the worms which once monopolized our sidewalks in hot weather, without the expense attending the appointment of several hundred, or perhaps thousand, extra office-holders, and we sent an invitation across the water to a gentleman with the name of Sparrow. When he came, we offered him all the worms and similar delicacies he could find, and ordered our small boys not to interfere with him on pain of punishment as for a misdemeanor. Since that time the pendant worm has ceased to startle our sensibilities with his cold and slimy grip; he has emigrated to another sphere, and there is joy on a sultry day beneath the shady trees for both Mr. Sparrow and us. What Mr. Sparrow has done for the ailanthus, Mr. Robin, and a score or so of his American cousins, can easily accomplish for the fruit-bearing trees of Massachusetts, if undisturbed by the young rural sportsman. In short, the real wisdom of this matter appears to lie in the question of the child who heard the Horticultural Society's proposal: "But, papa, if they take away all the worms, what will the little birds live on?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*The Glowworm.*

But this is sure—the hand of night,  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives him a modicum of light  
Proportioned to his size.  
Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestowed,  
To bid the traveller, as he went,  
Be careful where he trod;  
Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To show a stumbling-stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.  
Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain.  
Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendor, too.

—*Cowper.**Remedy for Trouble.*

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep,—calm, sound sleep,—and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't, unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well, leaving no disagreeable sequelæ, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the *materia medica*, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

*Treatment of an Unmanageable Horse.*

A beautiful and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any person to handle his feet. In an attempt to shoe such a horse recently he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plough, where he might work barefoot, when an officer in our service, lately returned from Mexico, took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head, and commanded him to follow; and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog, suffering his feet to be lifted with impunity, acting in all respects like an old stager. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity, intimated that it is practised in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

*Hydrophobia.*

The argument, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, is always an unsafe one to trust, and it can never be more so than in the matter of supposed deaths from hydrophobia. This was sharply illustrated in a case reported on Friday.

A child was bitten a month ago by a dog which was supposed to be rabid. On Friday the child's death was reported, and the disease of which he died was said by his physicians to be hydrophobia. He had certain symptoms which were similar to those that mark, or that are supposed to mark, hydrophobia, and he had been bitten by a dog. The logic of the physicians was not equal to the rejection of such evidence, or even to the task of suspending judgment for further investigation. They reported a fatal case of hydrophobia, and added to the dread which already exists on that subject and which is believed to be in itself a cause of death in many cases. The coroner has made a post-mortem examination of the child's body, however, and has discovered that it died of œdema of the glottis, a swelling and inflammation of the throat caused by the accumulation of a serous fluid in the intestines of the areolar tissue, a disease of the throat not uncommon, and in no way connected with hydrophobia or any other possible result of a bite from a dog.

The discovery of the error into which hasty judgment and bad logic led the doctors comes too late to prevent an unfortunate addition to the popular nervousness which manifests itself in an annual hydrophobia panic, but it may at least have the effect of suggesting to physicians the propriety of exercising greater care and seeking fuller information in future. It is still a matter of doubt whether there is a canine disease communicable in ordinary circumstances to human subjects by inoculation, and it is scarcely at all doubtful that a large number of the reported deaths from hydrophobia are in fact deaths from some other disease, which physicians are led to name hydrophobia, merely because the patient has been previously bitten by a cur. There is reason to believe also that many of these deaths are the result of the diagnosis itself, and the fright it produces.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

*The Yucca Moth.*

Prof. Charles V. Riley, the accomplished State Entomologist of Missouri, in a recent paper describing this most curious creature, by whose action only can the seeds of the common "Spanish Dagger" plant, and others of its family, be fertilized, pauses to remark as follows:—

"It may be that all her actions are the result merely of 'blind instinct,' by which term proud man has been wont to designate the doings of inferior animals; but for my part I have not been able to watch her operations without feeling that there is in all of them as much of purpose as there is in the many other curious provisions which insects make for their progeny, which, in the majority of instances, they are destined never to behold. Nor can I see any good reason for denying these lowly creatures a degree of consciousness of what they are about, or even of what will result from their labors. They have an object in view, and whether we attribute their performances to reason or instinct depends altogether upon the meaning we give to these words. I cannot help thinking that the instinctive and reasoning faculties are both present, in most animals, in varying proportion, the last being called into play only by unusual and exceptional circumstances; and that the power which guides the female *Pronuba* in her actions differs only in degree from that which directs a bird in building its nest, or which governs many of the actions of rational man."

Where "reason" begins, or "instinct" ends, we leave for scientists to determine; but we rejoice when naturalists find, amid their severer studies, opportunity to express sentiments suggestive of humane consideration for the lowliest creatures.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, September, 1878.

## White Veal Again.

The newspapers of the State have very generally noticed favorably our endeavors to put a stop to calf-bleeding, for which we extend them our thanks.

As a sanitary measure, if for no other reason, ought not a law be enacted prohibiting the sale of bled veal? Butchers and consumers can unite upon such a prohibition with common benefit.

## Concerning Guide-Boards and Watering-Troughs.

A good friend of dumb animals, whose note we print in another column, urges our members and patrons to notify us when they find these two essentials to the comfort of the wayfaring man or beast, lacking or in bad order.

We join in the request, and shall be glad to invite the attention of selectmen to such omissions, as may thus be discovered.

## Agents.

## Changes in Agents' List since July 1:—

## APPOINTED.

Lincoln, South, . . .	Abner S. Wheeler.
Lynn, . . . . .	Wm. Stone, City Marshal.
Malden, . . . . .	George G. Hill.
Northfield, West, . .	Charles T. Preston.
Rowe, . . . . .	C. C. Wheaton.
Rutland, . . . . .	Luther Bright.
Somerset, . . . . .	Elihu Slade.
Tyngsborough, . . .	Alden M. Butterfield.
Westport, . . . . .	Eli P. Lawton.

## TRANSFERRED.

From Shutesbury to Sunderland, John H. Forbes, County Agent.

## DISCONTINUED.

Petersham, . . . . . Merrick Blanchard.

The name of Charles L. Fuller, agent at North Chelmsford, was inadvertently omitted from our published list in July paper.

## Agents Wanted.

At Athol.	At New Bedford,
Burlington.	New Braintree.
Concord.	Norton.
Douglas.	Tisbury.
Groveland.	Uxbridge.
Mendon.	

## More New Hampshire Cruelty.

Mr. Joseph Winkley of Strafford Corner, N. H., one morning recently, found his horse had been beaten terribly with a stake, stoned with rocks bigger than a man's two fists, and, worst of all, both eyes were punched out of the poor animal's head. On finding him in this plight, his owner killed him.

Did any police officer, sheriff, or constable endeavor to find the offender in this case. Under the New Hampshire law, he might be sent to prison. We hope in due time there will be an agent of a State society, kindred to ours, in every town, who will look up and punish such cases. —[Ed.]

Mr. ANGELL will read his lecture on "The Prevention of Crime" before the American Social Science Association, at Saratoga, on the evening of September 6th.

## Hope for the Street-Car Horses.

The time must soon come when steam or other motors will take the place of horses on all street-car lines.

Already the mechanical difficulties in the way have been overcome, and many other objections removed. Compact, noiseless, smoke-consuming engines are made, that do the work well, and at small expense. Their general introduction is but a question of time, money, and an improved public sentiment that shall demand not only relief to the horse, but the more adequate and more comfortable facilities which the new motors alone can give.

In London and Paris the question of economy has been settled. A large saving per annum is shown for each car run by the steam-engine of Messrs. Merriweather & Sons, as compared with the same number of persons carried in the old way. Better speed is secured, a large surplus of power is always at hand, more perfect control of the car is secured, and less space is occupied on the track,—with no fright to horses, and no heat nor smoke for passengers.

In West Philadelphia the experiment is also successful. The horses, instead of being afraid, seem to welcome the new "dummy car" as the hope of their race. Well they may; for hundreds of poor creatures during the recent hot days died victims to the frightful toil they were compelled to endure.

When the change shall have been made we shall all wonder how we could ever have endured the old way so long. American mechanics will transform the present uncomfortable, uncertain conveyance, with its constant strain upon the sympathy of the humane passengers, into the elegant, tireless steam-car—and the horse, and all friends of the horse, will rejoice.

THE "New York Witness" says that the Tribune Saloon now puts the turtle, kept at its door for show, into a tank of water, instead of, as formerly, laying it on its back. So much for the effect of Mr. Bergh's prosecutions of the turtle dealers. Evidently public sentiment has been turned against the barbarism of the old way, even if the courts fail to punish its cruelty.

THE St. Paul (Minn.) Society opens two new fountains this season—making three for the city. The president reports, "We are doing more, and having more to do, than ever before." Nowhere should a humane and intelligent regard for "dumb animals" be more widely spread than in the great North-west, of which St. Paul is the metropolis. To cultivate this regard is the work the St. Paul Society has to do.

THE Washington (D.C.) Society has obtained a decision in a justice's court against pigeon-shooting. The cases have been appealed to the supreme court of the District, and await the final decision.

THE Cleveland Humane Society investigated in July seven cases of cruelty to children, and thirty-seven to dumb animals.

THE Woman's Branch of the Philadelphia Society has decided to have a fair—probably in February next. Success to it.

## Questions and Answers.

## FLY-PREVENTIVES.

Editor of Our Dumb Animals:

Is there any application which can be applied to horses that will prevent flies from worrying them?

Ans.—Put two handfuls of walnut-leaves in two quarts of cold water. Let them infuse over night. Next morning boil the water and leaves fifteen minutes. When cold, bathe the sensitive parts of the horse with the liquid before going out of the stable. Kerosene is said to be disagreeable to flies,—to be used with caution.

## DRINKING-TROUGHS.

What is the best material of which to make watering-troughs, and where can troughs be obtained? W. H.

## MIDDLEBOROUGH.

Ans.—The iron watering-troughs are sold by D. D. Nash, 5½ Pine Street, N. Y.; the Composite Iron Works, 109 Mercer Street, N. Y., and Robt. Wood & Co., 1136 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

The granite troughs are made by any quarry company. Correspondence with any of the above parties will secure cuts and prices. Either material is durable and good. The granite troughs are larger than the usual iron troughs, and hence accommodate more horses at the same time.—[Ed.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Horses, and their Drivers.

Very many years ago, I made up my mind that when there was a quarrel between a man and a horse, in nine cases out of ten the man was in the wrong. Continued observation has only served to confirm this belief.

The radical error into which drivers fall, is, that the horse knows perfectly what is wanted of him, and will not do it. Then the driver proceeds to show that he is the master, and, in the vast majority of cases, the horse is punished without the slightest idea why he is so treated.

For a horse to understand instantly what his driver desires, there must exist a pleasant feeling between them. The horse must feel a confidence in his driver, and with one driver a horse will show himself fearless of locomotives, and with another he will dread them. One man will drive a horse fifteen miles with no more fatigue to the animal than another will produce in driving him ten.

Nothing tends more to cruelty to animals than does cowardice. The man who has a lurking fear of his beast, is the one who treats him the most harshly. The man who is afraid of no horse, is just the man who treats all kindly. He is perfectly aware that there is always danger with horses; but he also knows that this does not depend upon the horse, but mostly comes from some extraneous source, the bad driving of others whom he meets on the road, or accident of some sort. He has a friendly feeling towards his beast, as being a willing and useful servant and companion, ready to do his whole duty, and more than his duty. So there springs up a pleasant feeling on both sides, the horse is encouraged and cheerful, and gets through his work easily and well. Such a driver gets vastly more from his horses than does the cruel one. They come in fresh, they feed and sleep well, and begin the next day's work under favorable conditions. Age tells but slowly on them; at fifteen and sixteen years, such horses still show speed and endurance, and are still gay and free goers, with years of usefulness before them, whereas the cruel man's horse is used up long before this.

There should be kindness simply from kind feeling, but it does not the less certainly bring its material reward. M. C. L.

## Watering-Troughs.

[Continued.]

Heath—Twelve troughs and three brooks.



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Vacations, and their Responsibilities.

It occurs to me that a request made to each of your members, subscribers, and friends, requesting them to notify the Society of any flagrant lack of guide-boards and watering-troughs which they notice in their drives this season, would result, by your correspondence with selectmen, etc., in having these placed in many neglected localities. The saving of a mile, or the giving of a draught of cool running water to our faithful animals, to say naught of our impatience at the want of a guide at the fork of a strange road, without a house or human being in sight, should be incentives enough for each of us to send you notice, as we observe the want of either.

In this spirit, the writer, a stranger, recently called upon the selectmen of a town not far from Boston, requesting them to *reverse the index hands on two separate guide-boards directing just opposite to what they should.* We trust that this has been corrected.

A TRAVELLER.

## A Butcher's Criticism.

WHITE VEAL.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—I have read several articles in your paper, which I receive daily, on the subject of bleeding calves, and noticed therein the quotation from my original article in the "Public Spirit," of Ayer, on "Demands of the Trade." A few words from one who has for a long time been familiar with the butchering of calves may help, in a measure, to place the responsibility where it belongs, and point out a remedy which shall be *effectual*. First, it is a *fact* that even a large proportion of those who condemn the process are the most partial to *white veal*, and the community do demand *white veal* or they will not buy. What has a butcher to do under these circumstances? Either go out of the trade or continue bleeding. *There is no other alternative!* There is not a butcher in existence but would be *gratified* for being saved many miles of long and tedious rides for miles around several days before he intends killing his calves. All calves must be bled two or four days previous to killing, and it must be done on the farm, so that the calf may be fed till wanted,—necessitating a second trip to bring them to the slaughter. The butchers themselves dislike the process, and all cry out against it, but are at a loss to know how to avoid it. Hence the fault lies *entirely* with the consumer, and the butcher is *powerless* to prevent it. The prosecution of any one or two butchers is only *persecution*, and hardens rather than softens their feelings of humanity, for they are not at fault, and the prosecution of any one or two when there are thousands, has no more effect than to prosecute one rumseller to exterminate the whole. Let us go to the root of evil, and give fair play to the butcher. Let the good "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," ask for and obtain a law making it a criminal offence for any family to have *white veal* on their tables; and further, let it be a criminal offence for any butcher's cart or provision store to be found with *white veal* for sale, thus stopping the demand, and we shall soon have done away with all bleeding of calves, and butchers will be grateful. Butchers have hearts as well as others; in fact, much larger ones than consumers who demand almost impossibilities and pay very little for it. The bleeding of calves will never be stopped by prosecuting butchers. Put the wrong where it belongs, i. e., on the *refined tastes of those who consume*.

A well-wisher to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

I remain with respect, yours, CHIPS.

HARVARD, MASS., August 14, 1876.

At what employment would you have death find you? For my part, I would have it to be some humane, beneficent, public-spirited, noble action.—*Epictetus*.

## "Mad-Dog" Panics.

Happily but few such cases occur as that referred to in the article from the New York "Evening Post," which we print elsewhere. That an error of the kind can occur at all should always cause every doubt to be given to the sufferer. It is necessary to repeat, so hard is it to remove the fears of many people, that *rabies*, as a disease of the dog, is of the rarest occurrence, a possible result only of unwholesome conditions in which he may be placed. Its precise cause is not known, nor is it proven that any specific *virus* is developed by which the malady may be communicated to man. It is certain that not one in twenty "bitten" persons suffer, nor need any persons fear evil consequences from any bite, "rabid" or not, if one reasonable precaution be taken; namely, to *cauterize the wound at once*. The bite of every animal should be treated thus, quite independent of its relations to hydrophobia.

Twice during the present month our agents were called to see "mad" dogs. One was a victim of an insufficient dose of strychnine, the other of fright. Neither was a case of *rabies*, yet would pass as such in current report. Not a week passes without some newspaper report of some poor dog being killed as "mad," yet we have still to see or to receive an authentic report of a real case of undoubted "madness."

That our readers may know when to be on their guard, and what to do, as well as what *not* to do, we republish the following excellent summary of the subject, prepared, we think, by Dr. Dalton, of New York:—

1. A dog that is *sick*, from any cause, should be watched and treated carefully until his recovery.
2. A dog that is *sick and restless* is an object of suspicion. This is the earliest peculiar symptom of hydrophobia.
3. A dog that is *sick, restless* and has a *depraved appetite*, gnawing and swallowing bits of cloth, wood, coal, brick, mortar, or his own excrement, is a dangerous animal. He should be at once chained up, and kept in confinement until his condition be clearly ascertained.
4. If, in addition to any or all of the foregoing symptoms, the dog has *delusion of the senses*, appearing to see or hear imaginary sights or sounds, trying to pass through a closed door, catching at flies in the air when there are none, or searching for something which does not exist, there is great probability that he is, or is becoming hydrophobic. He should be secured and confined without delay.
5. In case any one is bitten by a dog whose condition is suspicious, the most effective and beneficial mode of treatment is to *cauterize the wound at once* with a stick of silver nitrate, commonly called "lunar caustic." The stick of caustic should be sharpened to a pencil-point, introduced quite to the bottom of the wound, and held in contact with every part of the wounded surface until it is thoroughly cauterized and insensible. *This destroys the virus* by which the disease would be communicated.

## The N. H. Watering-Trough Law.

[New Hampshire General Statutes.]

The selectmen of every town shall abate a sum not exceeding \$3, from the tax of any inhabitant, who shall construct, and during the year keep in repair, a watering-trough, well supplied with water, sufficiently elevated and easily accessible for horses and carriages, if said selectmen shall deem the same necessary for the convenience of travellers.

SINCERITY is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness.

## CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN AUGUST.

Whole number of complaints, 125; viz., Overloading, 4; over-driving, 3; beating, 8; driving when lame and galled, 45; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 19; torturing, 9; driving when diseased, 4; cruelty in transportation, 1; general cruelty, 32.

Remedied without prosecution, 35; warnings issued, 36; not substantiated, 37; not found, 3; prosecuted, 9; convicted, 8; pending trial, 1; under investigation, 5. Pending trial August 1st, 2; disposed of, 2; convicted, 2.

Animals killed, 16; temporarily taken from work, 32.

## FINES.

From Police Courts.—Lee, \$10; Lowell, \$5.

District Courts.—First Plymouth (2 cases), \$4.

Municipal Court.—East Boston District (3 cases), \$50.

Witness Fees.—\$5.70.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY THIS MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss J. R. Sever, \$10; Mrs. E. H. Chadwick, \$5; Mrs. W. H. Brown, \$1; Mrs. G. L. Chaney, \$5; Dr. T. E. Francis, \$2; E. B. Fiedler, \$1; L. Pratt, \$10; J. F. Howland, \$1; P. King, \$10; a Friend, \$10; H. Gassett, \$2; "F," \$100.

## SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss J. R. Sever, E. C. Gordon, Miss A. C. Clapp, Mrs. J. P. Morris, E. Bates, Mrs. J. H. Paige, G. Palache, Mrs. H. W. Miller, O. Thayer, Dr. J. Adams, Rev. E. H. Hall, Bancroft & Perry, E. W. Hunt, Mrs. F. Poole, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. K. E. Sheldon, R. Davis, R. Gleason, Mrs. E. Keith, J. Rowley, J. H. Miller, J. Farrington, Mrs. C. Harris, Mrs. D. S. Messenger, Dr. T. E. Francis, H. J. E. Carew, Miss M. Murdoch, W. L. Johnson, E. H. Greene, J. F. Howland, T. Agnew, W. F. Ross, E. M. Grant, Miss Hayward, E. Baker, D. W. Cole.

## TWO DOLLARS EACH.

W. J. Foster, Mrs. E. Packard, Mrs. T. Adams, C. Brewer, S. Loring, C. E. Conant.

## VARIOUS SUMS.

T. F. Wright, \$5; Boys at Pine Farm, \$2.50; S. Putnam, 75 cts.

## Water for Dogs and Birds.

For several months past Mrs. C. S. Barnard, residing at No. 2 Breed Square, West Lynn, has been in the habit of providing pails and dishes of water, on the grass plot in front of her residence, for the use of dogs, birds, etc. During this time several of these drinking vessels have been stolen, and being determined to continue in her good work Mrs. Barnard has had two sheet-iron pans made, which are placed at the foot of trees, and chained thereto. The pans are six inches in width and depth, and about eighteen inches long; they are kept supplied with fresh water, and birds and small animals may often be seen drinking at these places.

## San Francisco (Cal.) Society.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the San Francisco (Cal.) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was held on the 20th July, 1876, and the following Board of Trustees were elected:—

Henry Gibbons, Jacob Z. Davis, James M. McDonald, James S. Hutchinson, Frank G. Edwards, Joseph W. Winans, Ira P. Rankin, Charles N. Ellinwood, Charles Sonntag, Nathaniel Hunter, Gilbert Palache, Frank Eastman, Henry K. Moore, Henry H. Blake, William Norris.

Officers.—Joseph W. Winans, President; Jacob Z. Davis, Vice-President; Nathaniel Hunter, Secretary; James S. Hutchinson, Treasurer.

The Secretary reports three hundred and fifty complaints received and investigated, and seven prosecuted.

Receipts, \$1,348; expenditures, \$689.

Membership.—Honorary, 1; Life, 16; Annual, 170.

To enable a horse to do his work properly and without torture, the harness should fit well in every part, and the bit should also fit well, and be so constructed as to give as little punishment as possible.

## Children's Department.

*Watching the Sheep.*

We would have this scene suggest to our young readers not only thoughts of beauty, but of kindness. The hill-sides at this season give many such pretty pictures, which we hope the boys and girls will not fail to see,—to be seen they must be looked for. Only eyes trained to find beauty see it in common things. The peace that abides in such a landscape comes of gentleness and love. How soon would a wolf, a cruel dog, or a rough-handed boy change it all. The sheep and lambs flying for safety would not only destroy the harmony of the picture but would excite in us emotions of sympathy and sorrow.

Think of this, boys, and give the sheep, now pasturing on the breezy hills, only gentlest words and kindest care.

*From the Sea Islands.*

GOOD FOR THE COLORED BOYS AND GIRLS.

That it was wrong to overload or overdrive a horse or an ox, to beat a dog or to starve a cat never seemed to have occurred to our pupils, and our indignation was at first often excited by instances of their cruelty. In this, as in other things, they are improving. We have made a point of showing them the wrong and sin of ill-treating their animals, telling them the sweet old German stories of our Lord's care for his dumb creatures, and I think with no little effect.

One summer a wren built her nest and brought up her nestlings on a bookshelf in the primary room, undisturbed by the sixty children belonging to that department; and if an overloaded or a thin horse is driven past our schools the very audible remarks of our older boys are anything but flattering to its owner. Last winter a horse balked in front of our school-house, and the owner, as usual, began jerking and whipping the animal. Our children were all out, as it was recess, and before I had time to interfere, a group of our boys gathered round, eagerly advising kindness; one came up for the school bucket and gave the horse water, others loosened the harness and carried part of the cotton bags, with which the cart was loaded, into the school-house for safe keeping, then lent their aid in starting the lightened cart. It was so well done that I let them take their own way, only repeating to them afterwards as their best encouragement and reward, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—*From a private letter to the Editor.*

## WATCHING THE SHEEP.

*A Summer Landscape.*

O summer day, so warm, so bright,  
The year's fair prime in beauty drest:  
In thee shines life, and joy, and light,  
The heart's bright hour and purest rest.

Where rise the woods, the clouds lie piled  
Far up through depths of tranquil air,  
The full-leaved trees, with shadows mild,  
Invite the flocks from pastures fair.

The harvest sounds from distant fields  
Come softly where the watcher plies  
Her busy task, and patient shields  
Her flocks from harm when dangers rise.

Peace to her heart,—whose kindly care  
Gives gentle creatures safe repose,—  
Shall surely come, and resting there,  
Bring holy thoughts where'er she goes.

A CHILD'S heart may hold as much of God's love  
as the heart of a man in the prime of life.—*Burritt.*

*A Golden Robin.*

Lovers of the birds will be interested in the story of a golden robin in Newburyport that has been through quite a tragedy for a small chap. While engaged with his mate last week in building their nest, which was suspended fifty feet high, from an extreme branch of an elm, his foot became entangled in a piece of twine, which he was deftly weaving into the structure, and losing his balance, he dropped about two feet, the length of his rope, and hung in mid-air. He hung several hours, struggling, till exhausted, to regain his nest, his terrified mate fluttering and screaming around him, and the spectators below pitying his fate, but unable to relieve him. Finally a tender-hearted spectator came to the rescue with a long ladder and a hooked pole. He ascended the tree and climbed along the limb till he could reach the bird with the hook, and, capturing him, brought him down in safety. Robby's leg was found to be badly broken and twisted. Dr. Hurd volunteered to set it, thinking it might possibly be saved, though in a few days it was obvious that amputation would be necessary, and the Doctor performed it as skilfully as if his patient had been a Christian, and at a third visit removed the bandages and pronounced him all right. After Robby had been stumping round his place of confinement a few days, his kind protector caught his mate and restored her to the bosom of her lord,

and now the little couple are the happiest of all the songsters that compose his "happy family."  
—*Boston Post.*

*"The Army of the Bird Defenders."*

"St. Nicholas" for July publishes its third list of recruits to this grand army. They number some twenty-four hundred, and come from nearly every State in the Union. They are pledged to abstain and to induce others to abstain from all practices which tend to destroy or frighten wild birds.

We want every boy and girl to enlist. How it would make the birds sing next spring if they could be told—and they would find it out very soon—that never more would naughty boys nor mischievous girls molest them.

NEAR John O'Groat's, Scotland, recently, three boys, cousins, each nine years old and named Manson, fell over a precipice 150 feet high, and were dashed to pieces. They were engaged in hunting bird's nests.



## Monkeys.

The new-born monkey is a homely little creature, with long limbs and wrinkled face, but the mother's tenderness for, and care of, the little imp is unceasing. She presses it to her body, takes it in both hands as if to delight in looking at it, lays it on her breast, and rocks it to sleep. Pliny declares that the monkey-mother often presses its young to death in the excess of her affection. As the young one grows large, it naturally becomes more independent, and at times requests some liberty. This the mother grants, and lets the darling go from her to play with the other young monkeys; but her eye follows it constantly, and at the least sign of danger she calls it to her arms again. The obedience of the young monkey might furnish a lesson to any human child. The natives believe that the large monkeys are really men, who give themselves the appearance of being wild and stupid because they fear being made slaves and forced to work; for this is the most terrible of all things to the true African. They also think that the souls of their defunct kings take up their abode in the gorillas.

L. B. U.

## The Blissful Bee.

BY K. N. H.

The bee is a small humming-bird, with slight modifications. The difference lies chiefly in the position of the bill. The humming-bird keeps his in his head, like a lazy tradesman; the bee carries his in his tail and has it arranged on the telescopic principle. Hence, though both these children of the air are noticeably sharp, that quality manifests itself in them at directly opposite extremes.

The bee is traditionally and firmly believed by all the aunts and grandmothers who have had little boys and girls in whom they were expected to inculcate moral principles, to be very attentive to business. I never could see why it was necessary for me to be always doing something useful just because a silly little bee hadn't sense enough to sit down and rest once in a while. . . . Aunt Huldah used to direct my infantile mind to the extraordinary development of domestic and industrious habits in the blissful bee, by asking me,

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour?"

I always had to say, "Auntie, I cannot tell a lie; I give it up." But I used to wonder how it was that this beautiful industriousness in the character of the bee was almost invariably accompanied by a liability to get mad. I noticed the same thing in my aunt. I asked her about it one day. Immediately after that I went to bed. She helped me. I had my supper for breakfast next morning. In respect to the character of his business, the bee is a kind of a small dealer. He steals honey from his neighbor's buckwheat fields, and then sells it. In order to preserve his plunder he takes a lot of little holes and puts wax around them, and stows his honey in there. . . . In one particular he is like Napoleon—he can do several things at the same time. I have known a bee to sing, light, sting, and fly away, all at once. You may say these were consecutive acts. Perhaps they were, but they were performed simultaneously. . . . One thing I always liked about a bee—that is, a hive. He seems so much safer—less liable to get hurt, you know—when he can't get out in the air where you are. I would advise any one who is inspired by these notes on the habits of this interesting little bird to prosecute investigation further in a bee-line, to do it at long range. Don't encourage undue familiarity. The bee does not understand the rules of etiquette. He is very industrious, but is very apt to misunderstand your advances. As sure as he does, he will turn his back on you.—*Hearth and Home.*

THERE is much more to be said in favor of most men and creatures than we generally think. The trouble is that we care too little about finding out the good things.

## Ben Hazzard's Guests.

BY ANNA P. MARSHALL.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold, Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old, And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold. Sometimes he sighed for a larger store Wherewith to bless the wandering poor; For he was not wise in worldly lore, The poor were Christ's; he knew no more. One night a cry from the window came— Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say, "Give shelter and food, I humbly pray." Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head To listen. "Tis awful cold," he said, And his old bones shook in his ragged bed, "But the wanderer must be comforted." "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried, As he opened the door, and held it wide. A milk-white kitten was all he spied. Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down; The candles were out in all the town; The stout house-doors were carefully shut, Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut. "I thought that somebody called," he said; "Some dream or other got into my head; Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed." Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet, Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet. Truly, it was a terrible storm, Ben feared he should never more be warm. But just as he began to be dozy, And puss was purring soft and cosey, A voice called faintly before his door: "Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore! Give drink, and a crust from out your store." Out from his bed he stumbled again; "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said; "With such as I have, thou shalt be fed." Only a little black dog he saw, Whining and shaking a broken paw. "Well, well," he cried, "I must have dreamed; But verily like a voice it seemed. Poor creature," he added, with husky tone, "Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone." He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf The bone he had saved for his very self. Then, after binding the broken paw, Half dead with cold went back to his straw. Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept, His conscience was white, and again he slept. But again a voice called, both loud and clear: "Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!" Once more he stood at the open door, And looked abroad, as he looked before. This time, full sure 'twas a voice he heard; But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird. "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said, Tenderly raising the drooping head, And, tearing his tattered robe apart, Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch, As an angel lifted the wooden latch. Ben woke in a flood of golden light, And knew the voice that had called all night. "Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor. The humblest creatures that sought thy door, For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted." "Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said, With a rueful shake of his old gray head. "Who giveth all of his scanty store In Christ's dear name can do no more. Behold, the Master who waiteth for thee, Saith: 'Giving to them, thou hast given to Me.'" Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen, I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben. "Frozen to death," the watchman said, When at last he found him in his bed, With a smile on his face so strange and bright; He wondered what old Ben saw that night.

—The Congregationalist.

## Stable and Farm.

## Kindness in Milking.

There is no situation in life, where man comes in contact with man, or with domestic animals, where he should not exercise kindness and consideration. Even as a suave and gracious manner wins for a person golden opinions, so tenderness and patience, combined with common-sense, will gain for him the greatest profit in his farm-yard. In milking cows, too many of our farmers forget what they are handling. The udders of some cows are always exceedingly sensitive and tender. If with rude grasp and carelessly rough grip the milker begins to strip the milk from the bag, it is no wonder that the cow immediately protects herself by kicking. In those countries where women do nearly all the milking, the kicking, "ugly" cows are the exception. The loud, disagreeable tone, the blow upon her flank, and the rude method of fairly dragging the creamy fluid into the pail, make of the most amiable creature a cross, stubborn and unruly beast. The milk never flows so freely as when some pleasant chatting and stroking has been given her beforehand. The mild, brown, peaceful eyes and sweet breath of this profitable animal can but have their influence on any manly heart. A cow is so frequently of a nervous temperament, and of very delicate fibre, incapable of enduring unkindness with patience, that it were well to study her physical nature narrowly in order to make her of the most possible benefit as a milker or mother of calves.—*Golden Rule.*

## Ventilation of Stables.

The lungs of a horse are just like those of a man, except in size; they have precisely the same office to perform, in precisely the same way, and need the same conditions to perform it effectually. Such ventilation of the houses where men live as will secure a supply of reasonably pure air, is recognized as an essential condition of human health, and the forms of disease which are caused by the want of it are as well known, as are the means of securing the requisite supply of air and the methods of avoiding dangerous impurities. Everybody who has had occasion to go into a large city stable in winter, or in summer either, for that matter, must remember the pungent, stifling odor of ammonia, which, if his lungs were at all sensitive, "took away his breath" for a moment or two. Other foul smells from the rotting straw and filth, would also have forced themselves upon his attention if the pungency of the one first mentioned had not overpowered them. Such an atmosphere, in which most horses spend the greater part of their lives, cannot be conducive to a healthy condition of their organs of respiration, and certainly not promotive of recovery when disease has once attacked those organs.—*Mass. Spy.*

## Hens Plucking Feathers.

Hens want salt. Give them twice a day in four parts of wheat bran to one of corn meal, by measure, a tablespoonful of salt in every eight quarts of this mixture, scalded and cooled. The hens are after the salt contained in the minute globule of blood at the end of the quill. Hens fed in this way, or occasionally furnished salt, will never pull feathers. The salt should be dissolved in hot water before mixing with the feed. This is a certain antidote.—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE on cattle may be removed by pouring a small quantity of kerosene on the card with which they are carded. The application should be frequent, though in but small quantity, till the lice all disappear. The louisiest herd I ever saw was completely relieved of them in ten days by this application alone.—*Ez.*

*Coventry (England) Society.*

The Second Annual Report of this Society, instances nineteen cases of cruelty proceeded against or cautioned by the officers of the society.

The agent states that fewer horses than formerly are now attempted to be worked in an unfit condition, owing, he has reason to believe, to the extensive distribution of placards, caution papers, and other humane publications by the society, as well as to the exhibition of its purpose to enforce the law.

In its educational work the society has had the hearty coöperation of the teachers of Coventry. Suitable class-books and wall papers have been introduced into many of the schools, and copies of the "Animal World" have been distributed among the pupils and in the hospitals.

In the endeavor to correct the abuses of vivisection, the society has taken an active part, and its judgment is that these abuses urgently demand legislative interference.

To lessen the sufferings of animals, the Society makes a number of suggestions, of which the following are the leading features:—

1. Noticing the condition of the animals used in our service, and encouraging those who treat them humanely.
2. Constantly encouraging children to do acts of kindness to animals.
3. Giving preference to such butchers as are most merciful in their modes of slaughter.
4. Never using for dress or ornament birds, such as the robin, etc., which are known to be plucked alive; or seal-skins, as long as the brutal practice of skinning seals before they are dead is known to prevail.
5. Discarding and discouraging the use of the check-rein.
6. By giving a word of caution and remonstrance on witnessing any act of cruelty, and in serious cases by taking measures to have the proper evidence taken and the proper officers notified.
7. By using exertions to protect other than domestic animals from needless cruelty, and by supporting any measures that will remove the horrors of the private slaughter-house system, and compel the establishment of well-regulated public abattoirs.

*Wales.*

The Carmarthen Branch of the Royal Society presents us its first annual report.

This society was organized May 1, 1875, and embraces the counties of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke.

As a result of its labors, a noticeable improvement is reported in the markets and in the condition of the donkeys and horses of the community, hundreds of which have been stopped and examined in different towns and the owners cautioned when animals were found out of condition.

The branch has not yet been able to check the gross neglect of animals during railway and road travel and at fairs, and reports much suffering and deterioration of the meat of animals intended for slaughter in consequence of deprivation of food and water.

The Society reports ninety-three cases of cruelty prosecuted, of which sixty-five resulted in conviction.

*A Tame Stag.*

A gentleman owned a stag which followed him, and was very fond of the company of his family. It came into the house, lay at the feet of its owner, and now and then took the liberty of placing itself on the sofa beside one of the ladies. It played with the dog and cat, and when troubled by them, reprimanded rather severely with its hoofs. Several times it brought another to the door of the house, but would quit its company when called by name. This interesting animal, so tame, loving and beloved, was cruelly shot by a rough sportsman on the premises of its owner. L. B. U.

*Midsummer.*

Becalmed along the azure sky  
The argosies of cloudland lie;  
Through all the long midsummer day  
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.  
I seek the coolest sheltered seat  
Just where the field and forest meet;  
I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;  
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.  
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill;  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs  
And chatters in his leafy house;  
The oriole flashes by; and look—  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float—  
As silently, as tenderly  
The down of peace descends on me.

—Selected.

*Frankfort Society.*

[EXTRACT FROM ITS REPORT.]

The exertions of this society for the public welfare were directed particularly to the cattle transported for the army; said cattle having been allowed to remain in the cars at the stations without water and food, and often suffering from heat, until the president employed a person to care for them at the expense of the society, thus preventing the sickness which would inevitably have occurred among the soldiers from eating the flesh of said cattle. Notices of this proceeding being circulated by the public press, the society were gratified by the reception of a ten-pound note from a lady in Gloucester (Eng.), and soon after a present from a noble lady in Hanover. Both ladies wrote to thank the society, and the latter said, "I was greatly rejoiced when I heard that cattle could receive water during their transport."

We must not fail to mention that one of our citizens, not belonging to the society, made it a daily business to feed the singing-birds on the promenade during the winter. Hearing of his kindness, the directors addressed him a letter of thanks.

We thought it no less our duty to assist a poor woman who takes care of and feeds homeless cats. She has had sixteen cats at a time in her limited rooms.—Translated for O. D. A.

*Treat your Servant Well.*

Keep your horse in good heart and strong, and good work and a large amount may be done, and for a long time. He is your servant, but treat him not as your servant merely, but as you would treat yourself. Be kind and let him feel your kindness. He is intelligent and you can teach him much; teach him what you want of him; make him, if you raise him, to suit your purpose; and if he is good blood, has good points all about him, there will be no difficulty to mould him to your will. Then you two will work together, you and the team; and your interest will cause you to see and observe what is best for such servants. You will thus get the proper number of years and daily service out of your team, which is always ready, always trustworthy. But abuse your horse, neglect him, and you will not only shorten his days but beget vicious habits in him, blemish him, perhaps make a cripple of him. *How much work will you lose in such a horse?* Not only will he do less in a day and not do it so well, but, we repeat, he will have many less days to do it in—years of what might have been usefulness cut off and lost.

*French Comments on the Work in the United States.*

By AUGUSTIN DELONDRE, Foreign Sec'y of the Paris Society.

In speaking of the protection of animals in the United States, we should omit a most important matter, did we neglect to mention in a special manner the successful efforts that the Massachusetts Society has made for obtaining for animals the strongest possible protection.

This society is constantly at work to prevent overloading, overdriving, the employment of animals unfit for labor, sick, or disabled. Such subjects as transportation of animals by rail, dog-fights, vivisection, the best methods of slaughtering and horseshoeing, the value of watering-troughs, are questions constantly agitated by it. Essays on "Transportation," the "Check-Rein," "Protection to Animals," etc., have been published by it to the number of 160,000 copies, also more than 1,000,000 copies of its special organ, "Our Dumb Animals." . . . It would not be difficult to draw still farther from the communications of the societies of New York and Boston and Philadelphia materials enough to greatly extend this record; we will return to it again. We would, in closing, express our regret that we do not receive from the largest proportion of the American Societies their reports, periodicals and other publications, so that we might be enabled to give an account of them in our foreign record. Not being in communication with these societies, we begged Mr. George T. Angell, president of the Boston society, honorary member of the Paris society, to present, on occasion of the Centennial, our best wishes to the members of the Boston society, to Mr. H. Bergh, president, and to the members of the American society of New York, to Mr. Alfred L. Elwyn and the members of the society of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Richard P. White, president, and to the ladies of the branch of the society in Philadelphia, composed entirely of ladies, and to the presidents and members of all the societies existing in the United States for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to express to them the happiness we feel at seeing them going forward in concert with us in the propagation of our peaceful and humanitarian principles. —"Bulletin" of the Paris society, May, 1876.

*Macadamized Roads.*

These roads, so merciful to animals, were invented by John Loudon Macadam, who was born in Scotland in 1756, and, when fourteen years of age, came to New York. There he remained till 1780, when he returned to Scotland. There he became trustee of Ayrshire roads and began the study of road-making. At this time, roads were nearly all bad. During the war between England and France he held places that made it his duty to superintend transportation, which incited still further his study of roads. At his own expense, he travelled thirty thousand miles, spending five years' time and five thousand pounds in his observations.

In 1811 he made a report to the House of Commons, giving an outline of his plan for repairing roads. In 1815 a district was assigned him for an experiment. He met with constant opposition from old road-makers, and from farmers through whose land the road was to be made. But he finally conquered, and in four years after he began, there were seven hundred miles of macadamized road in Great Britain.

Macadam was a strangely disinterested man. He not only refused to receive any reward for his services, including an offered knighthood, but he would not take a contract to make or repair a road, and he declined some pressing and liberal offers to take charge of the roads in foreign countries. He died in 1836.—From an article by James Parton in N. Y. Ledger.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it.



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